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SWEDISH LOVE SONG.

The white gull sweeps on bending wing across
the tumbled sea,
The white dove knows where lies her nest, how
ever far it be;
And as they both seek home with joy, so turns
my heart to thee,
Dearest!

No tide that flows, no rushing wind that spurns
the golden west,
No river bearing laden barks upon its heaving
breast,
Is stronger than the constant love that knows no
sleep nor rest,
Dearest!

There is no pearl that lies asleep where deep seas
thunder low,
There is no mountain bloom that nods where glaciers
shine below,
To win for thee, no path too steep or hard for me
to go,
Dearest!
—Georgia Roberts in Pittsburg Bulletin

Great Bonaparte's Bones.
[Paris Cor. Macon Telegraph.]
One of the most interesting sights in Paris is Napoleon's tomb, situated under the dome of the Invalides, the gilded top of which may be seen from

all parts of the city. The emperor's tomb is open for public inspection on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. This splendid mausoleum was constructed by Visconti, and is twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter. The sarcophagus rises up from the center of the tomb.

the sarcophagus rises up from the center of the mosaic pavement, which represents a wealth of laurels, twelve marble caryatides surround the pedestal, between which are stands of flags taken during the Napoleonic wars. Above the en-

desire, is the following inscription: "Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple Francais que j'ai tant aime." "I desire that my ashes shall rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." The

Behind the church is the Hotel des Invalides, which is an asylum for disabled soldiers, and contains a museum of artillery and other curiosities. The

Esplanade des Invalides is an extensive square in front of the building.

Thought Himself a Plagiarist.
[Temple Bar.]
Voiture having composed a sonnet, was satisfied with it, that he deemed

was so satisfied with it that he deemed it worthy of being presented to Mme. de Rambouillet, who, prompted by the spirit of mischief, caused it to be sewed among the contents of a volume of poems published several years previously; and, this done, laid the book in a conspicuous place on her table. Voi-

ture, coming into the room shortly after, took it up, and discovering to his amazement the sonnet already in print, imagined himself to be guilty of plagiarism, and repeated his verses several times over with a bewildered air, feeling sure that he must have read them

"Word for word the same—not a single difference," groaned the disconsolate poet, anathematizing his too retentive memory, and meditating what analogy he should make to the mariners.

for his involuntary presumption. When at length informed by Mme. de Rambouillet and her sister precieuses of the trick that had been played him, his delight at finding his claim to the authorship of the sonnet uncontested was so great that far from resenting the joke

A Studious Young Chiraman.
(Mrs. Bryson.)
Sun-King's devotion to study was so enthusiastic that he fastened the hair of

his head by a cord to a beam in the ceiling lest he should fall asleep over his book. Another poor scholar who could not afford a candle collected a heap of glowworms and read his grammar by the light emanating from those strange insects. So keen was the thirst for knowledge that one poor fellow that he conned his text

by the light of the rejected snow. Wang yu-ching bored a hole in the partition wall which separated his next-door neighbor's house from his own, and by the faint light which struggled through the chink he pored over his books until he made his name famous.

The Sun is Not Blue.
A year ago Professor Langley, the distinguished American astronomer, performed an experiment in the theatre of the Royal Institution to show that the

the true color of the sun is blue. He argues that the atmosphere cut off a large proportion of the blue rays, and that, if the observer could get beyond it, the sun would look blue. Capt. Abney, in a lecture on "Sunlight Colors," rejects

this experiment, adopting Prof. Langley's figures with mathematical accuracy, but dispensing with his paper disks, which this lecturer held vitiated the result, and he showed that the color of the sun was not blue, but very nearly that of the white light to be seen at high elevation.

Woman and Her Work.
 "Could a man make a shirt for six cents?" asks Charles Dudley Warner in *Hamor's*. (No! What big it is, there!

She drives a stage, plays the violin, sews, sings, dances, acts, paints (both in oil and water colors), teaches, is a clerk, typewriter, a typesetter, an editor, a marvelous producer of short stories (sa-

by critics to be the most difficult art in the world), a telegrapher, and as a yellow through the telephone probably will never have an equal. Go where you will there is woman, lovely or plain, ready to curtsy to chide, to guide, to aid, to instruct, to amuse, to rule, to lead, and point the

Way for halting man."